

in the rain, give you sunshine

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in the rain, give you sunshine

by [meridies](#)

Summary

It's two weeks into Dream's first semester at college, and already, he's the only person he knows with a familiar on campus. One day, his friend introduces him to George— a math major and storm witch with a familiar just like Dream's— and why is Dream so flustered around him?

Notes

i... am not sure what this is, but the prompt for today was flowers, so hopefully this odd little au counts towards that!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Morning sunlight spills over him through the blinds, golden and warm, and the sheets around him are rumpled from sleep. There's a pleasant dream happening right now, something that has to do with shape-shifting clouds, blue sky, a flock of birds chirping through the sky.

He doesn't particularly want to wake up, but already, the sun pouring through the opened window is alerting him from sleep, and Dream scrunches up his nose before turning and twisting deeper into the duvet. The blankets are comfortably warm, even though he sees red through his eyelids from the light, and everything is dazy and slow in the mornings where Dream's first classes aren't until eleven in the afternoon.

Dream, a voice says, slightly irritable, *wake up*.

No, Dream thinks back. *Don't want to*.

There's a frustrated sigh, and then a cat leaps onto the bed, prowls in slow circles for a moment, before wriggling under the covers to rest right next to Dream's face. Eyes still closed, Dream feels one sheathed paw bat at his face in frustration.

It's already ten.

"Don't care," Dream mumbles sleepily.

This time, Dream feels a paw with claws drag down the side of his cheek, and he squeezes his eyes together in distaste before pushing himself up tiredly.

"What the hell?" He mutters, and his familiar leaps up, gives herself a few brisk licks, and then hops down from the bed in one long, sleek movement.

You're awake, she says. *I don't like being your alarm clock*.

"It's not even ten yet," Dream scowls, looking at his phone, "I could have slept for longer."

I'm hungry.

"I left you food out last night."

I want bacon. That's not the same.

Dream sighs, rubs at his face sleepily, tries to scrub the sleep out of his eyes before peeling himself from the sheets and swinging his legs off the side of the bed. He's already had his first coherent thoughts of the day, and there's no use in trying to go back to sleep now that he's up and functioning. His familiar knows this; she's twining around his feet, purring softly, and Dream reaches down to scratch gently around her ears, in the way he knows she likes.

"I'm up," he says, and clears his throat, "And I've got an hour until classes, I could have slept longer."

Hmph.

There's no response, and Dream grins. "You're ridiculous."

Am not.

Chin high, she ducks out of his bedroom and moves down the hall, towards the communal kitchen, where she spends most of her time curled on the windowsill snoozing. She's one of five familiars in the dormitory; witches and wizards rarely find their familiars this early in life. Dream is one of the rarities.

He digs through his drawers to find something to wear that isn't overly large school sweatpants and an old hoodie to wear. Two days ago September had arrived, and that was when Dream had officially given up on looking presentable to class— same as half of the student body. More times than not, Dream got out of bed, did his best to tame his hair into something manageable, and headed directly to class. His familiar, who barely needed to put in the same amount of effort into his appearance as he did, simply trotted behind his heels.

Having a familiar on campus isn't as awkward as Dream would have assumed it would be, when he

first moved into his dormitory two weeks ago. Nature witches like Dream often had their talent bloom in their late teenage years, whereas Dream had discovered his own magic when he was barely twelve. As such, his familiar had arrived not long thereafter— when Dream was just beginning to explore the boundaries of what he could and couldn't do with magic.

He slips his feet into shoes and moves out into the hallway. The fridge only has the barest skimmings inside, as most of the but Dream pulls out a milk jug and leftovers from yesterday for his familiar, which he can heat up on the stove. He doesn't have nearly enough time to make a decent breakfast— perhaps he shouldn't have slept in so late, given himself only an hour to get ready— but Dream prioritizes his familiar over all else.

Thanks, she says, when Dream sets a plate of bacon in front of her on the counter, and barely bats an eye when another equally sleepy student pads through the lounge in silence.

He slings his backpack on, checks that his room keys are in his pocket and that his phone is charged, and heads out to class. The September air is fresh, just cold enough that he can wear a hoodie in peace without sweating profusely, yet warm enough that Dream doesn't have to pull the sleeves over his fingers to keep them from freezing. His familiar trots by his side, before stopping short, glancing up at him, and meowing once.

Dream sighs, crouches down. "Come on," he says, and his familiar leaps into his arms, before clambering up and laying around his neck like a feather boa. Her fur is soft against Dream's skin and he breathes a deep, calming inhale; it's so much easier to focus when he has his familiar by his side. They've been together for so long, and at this point they know each other so well that there's no separating the two of them.

Make sure you pay attention in class today, she reminds him. *I can tell when you aren't.*

At that moment, Dream happens to yawn, long and wide, and he already knows that there's no way he'll be able to focus in his Intro to Greek Archaeology class. He had taken it on a whim, because he was a humanities major at his core, but he was starting to regret it; the readings for that class were long and dense, and Dream wasn't as interested in the subject as he assumed he would be.

Still, he takes his seat in the back of the lecture hall and takes out his notebook, and his familiar takes the seat next to him so that no one can sit there. She sits up, ears pricked forwards, and her attentiveness almost manages to make Dream more attentive as well.

By the time he meets Sylvee for lunch, he's feeling slightly more awake. His hand aches from taking notes, although he's sure half of his notes are unintelligible or smeared with black ink.

To his surprise, there's someone else at their usual lunch spot, on the grass outside of the dining hall.

"Hey," Sylvee greets him, and points to another boy sitting next to her, "This is George, he's in my economics class."

Dream sits down cross-legged on the grass, slings off his backpack, and readjusts slightly so that his familiar has room to clamber into his lap. "Hi. I'm Dream."

George glanced down at his familiar, but was kind enough not to stare. Many people did.

"Nice to meet you," George says.

"Where's Sapnap?"

“He has an advisor meeting,” Sylvee says, “I don’t think he’s coming.”

Dream hums and doesn’t respond.

George clears his throat and asks, “Are you a freshman too?”

Dream nods, and thus begins the uncomfortable small talk in which he and George exchange their planned major, how old they’re from, why they chose the college, and Dream finds that he doesn’t particularly mind talking to George that much; usually he isn’t great with new people, but George has such an easy way of talking and continuing a conversation that Dream isn’t bored with the way their conversation heads.

After nearly thirty minutes, Sylvee checks her phone and winces.

“I’m heading out,” she says, and pushes herself to her feet, “I have a meeting with the Collegiate in a few minutes.”

“Have fun,” George says,

“I’ll try,” Sylvee says, and waves a polite goodbye to both of them. That left just George and Dream sitting on the lawn together, underneath the afternoon sun.

“So,” George says, finally breaking the silence, “You have a familiar?”

“Yes,” Dream says, somewhat flatly. “Please don’t stare.”

“I’m not staring,” George says mildly. “I just want to say hello.”

Dream looks at him for a moment, somewhat calculating; even though nearly every witch comes into their talent at some point, and finds their familiar, some tend to be a little strange about people like Dream, who have met their familiars much earlier in life than usual. Dream tries to stay away from those people.

Dream flicks her ear, and waits until she’s somewhat awake, though sleepy, for him to scratch around her ears and under her chin. She purrs slightly, which Dream can feel against his hand, and Dream carefully shifts his position until some of her weight is off his feet. His legs have been falling asleep.

George wants to say hi to you.

She yawns. Having a nocturnal familiar can be difficult when all she wants to do is stay by your side during the day.

Is he nice?

You would know if you had been listening.

Oh, shut up, she says, and stretches out, yawning again, before moving over to stand by George.

“Hi,” George says softly, and leans down to scratch Dream’s familiar under her chin and around the backs of her ears, just in the same way Dream had done. She arches into the touch, her purr as loud as a tractor, and rubs up against George until she’s practically in his lap.

“She likes you,” Dream says amusedly. “She’s not usually this friendly with new people.”

“Tell her I like her too,” George says, almost cooing, and runs a gentle hand down the length of the

cat's back.

"She can understand you just fine," Dream responds.

"Oh." George watches as Dream's familiar unashamedly rubs her chin against his knees, looking for more pets. "My familiar usually doesn't respond to other people's comments. I thought she would be the same."

Hmph.

Be nice, Dream thinks in response, and feels the faint sense of irritation flood through their connection before being replaced with a soft affection, as George continues petting her absentmindedly.

Then George's comment struck him. "Wait, you have a familiar too?"

George nods. "She's in my dorm room right now. We usually stick together, but she needs her alone time just like I do."

"That's nice," Dream says; he hasn't met anyone else at college so far who has also met their familiar. "Could I meet her sometime?"

"Of course," George says. "It's only reasonable, right?"

"Yeah," Dream echoes.

The bell towers begin chiming, and Dream glances at his wristwatch only to find that his next class is in ten minutes, and is halfway across campus.

"I've got to go," Dream says, and gestures vaguely to the bell tower, "But it was really nice meeting you."

"You too," George says. "Do you want my number? We could talk, maybe our familiars could meet, all of that."

"Okay," Dream breathes. He wasn't entirely sure why his heart had picked that specific moment to speed up. "Are you free Saturday?"

"If Alyssa doesn't drag me along to any events," George says, "But I can get out of those. Yes. I'm free."

"Could I come over then?"

"Of course," George says, "I'm in Rozlyn Hall— you know where?"

Dream nods, and the two of them sketch out tentative plans to meet at two on Saturday, and then his familiar says urgently, *Dream, you're going to be late.*

"I know," Dream says, and points to his familiar when George glances quizzically at him. "I've got to run, my class starts in two minutes."

"Good luck making it there on time!" George calls, as Dream has already turned away, "See you Saturday!"

"See you Saturday," Dream shouts, and he barely makes it to his Classical Literature class on time, sliding into his seat in the back row just as the clock strikes three in the afternoon.

He does see George on Saturday. It's somewhat nice. They meet halfway between George's dorm and Dream's dorm, at the small, campus coffee shop off of Main Street. George's familiar is a cat — just like Dream's is, but instead of calico, with patches of orange fur, George's familiar is a tabby grey cat, with fur fluffier than Dream's hair, and she's stood by George's feet, waiting patiently.

"This is my familiar," George says, and George's familiar gives Dream a very human looking nod before sitting back and shuffling closer to George's feet. "She's shy, don't worry about her."

Dream's familiar gives George's familiar a curious glance, then pads forward and brushes their nose together. Dream feels it, only slightly; a faint rush of appreciation through their bond. He's vaguely happy that the two of them are getting along well.

They talk about anything and everything under the sun, from TV shows to childhood friends to high school experiences to favorite flavors of ice cream and why. At some point it switches to dream careers, and Dream offhandedly mentions that he's majoring in English to be a novelist.

"Being an English major sounds so difficult," George says, and sucks the last bit of coffee up through his straw, then swirls the ice around in his cup. "I don't think I could do that."

"Speak for yourself," Dream says, almost laughing, "Math major? Really?"

"I like math," George says, unruffled. "It's—"

"The same in every language," they both say at the same time, but Dream rolls his eyes sarcastically as he does.

He's such a nerd, his familiar whispers.

"Don't be rude," Dream says out loud.

George looks at him confusedly. Dream gestures down to his familiar, who looks back, affronted. "She called you a nerd."

To his credit, George laughs. "Well, she's right."

Smugly: *See? Told you so.*

I hate you.

I love you too, she says sweetly, and then bats at his ankle with her paw until they begin moving again. Dream catches sight of her and George's familiar falling back slightly, and Dream can sense that they're talking, even though he isn't privy to their conversation at the moment. George looks back as well, shrugs, and then slows his step so his feet match up perfectly with Dream's.

"If you wanted, you could come back to my dorm," Dream offers. "I could help you with your English essays."

George glances up, gives Dream a small smile. "That would be really wonderful."

"Cool," Dream says, a little breathlessly. "Now?"

"I'm free," George says. "You?"

"Yeah."

"Okay."

They stand there for a moment, until Dream abruptly realizes that he should be heading back to his dormitory instead of just being still.

When Dream unlocks the door to usher George in, he awkwardly says, "Excuse the mess." He bends down to pick his hoodie up off the floor. "I promise I'm usually cleaner than this."

"I don't mind," George says, "Trust me, my room is worse than this."

George moves over to the tiny windowsill and brushes a hand over the fluttering leaves of Dream's azalea plant. "It's nice to have something green growing, right?"

"It makes it feel more alive," Dream agrees.

Dream, his familiar says, and raises a paw to bat at his pants, *water them*.

"One moment," Dream says apologetically, and points down to his familiar, "She's bothering me about taking care of them, it'll just be a moment."

His familiar leaps up to the windowsill, eyes far too knowledgeable and aware for any animal. *Give the azalea some acidity*, she advises as she watches Dream. *It won't drown, don't worry*.

I'm not worried about that, Dream mutters, *you're underestimating me*. But he tests the soil for acidity anyway and finds that his familiar is right; the pH of the soil is off, and his azaleas have been sitting in too-rich soil for too long. With his familiar at his side Dream corrects that, first with a slow charm to encourage growth and second with some vinegar, to make the soil more acidic.

He pushes his fingers into the soft earth. Invisible to anyone else, but bright as day for Dream, he can see the way his roses are brightening just slightly, lifting their drooping heads. They'll need pruning in a few weeks time, when they adjust to the colder weather, and Dream might have to consider moving them to the school greenhouses to continue their growth when autumn arrives.

What do you think now?

I think they feel happier, his familiar says. *Maybe replant the sage tomorrow, it'll need a bigger pot soon*.

Right you are, Dream says, and shifts the terracotta pots so that all three are evenly lined up in the sun, drinking up the light thirstily. *They're good for now*.

His familiar nods, licks Dream's palm once, and then clambers up his arm to rest around his neck like usual.

"That was nice," George comments quietly, and Dream startles; he had almost completely forgotten that George was there. "You're very talented at this."

Dream gestures to the cat curled around his shoulders. "She helps."

George glances down at his own familiar, the grey striped cat twining around his own legs. "I'm not as good with nature," he admits, "I'm much better with weather. That's my specialty."

“Good thing I’m terrible at weather,” Dream says lightly. “I’ve always been better with plants.”

“Nature witches are all the same,” George laughs. “It’s really admirable. Rain is easier because it’s a one time thing, but nature take a lot of dedication.”

“It’s a long process,” Dream agrees. “But it’s easy once you get the hang of it. They speak to me a lot, you know? It’s a lot of listening. A lot of thinking.”

“Storms have a lot to do with emotion,” George says thoughtfully. “I came into my power pretty young—I think I was thirteen?— and I accidentally made the entire block rain when my first boyfriend dumped me. It wasn’t pretty.”

He looks at Dream like he’s waiting for a specific reaction, but Dream barely notices.

“I think I discovered I was a nature witch when I was cooking with my mom,” Dream says, “We had a rosemary plant in the backyard, and when I went to go pick some, the plant just grew— it climbed up the trellis like ivy. My parents were a little shocked.”

George nods, and takes a seat in Dream’s desk chair while Dream hops onto his bed. His familiar curls up in George’s lap, just like Dream’s familiar is snoozing around his neck, and absentmindedly, George pets her, like it’s a motion of comfort.

“This might sound weird,” Dream says, “But I’m scared of storms.”

George blinks. “Really?”

Dream huffs a small laugh. “Kind of. When I was a kid, the thunder always scared me. And the lightning.”

“But that’s the best part,” George says, face lighting up, “When the wind picks up, and you can hear the rain outside, and the air feels like it’s full of electricity. It feels—”

“Terrifying,” Dream says, at the same time George said, “Home.”

They exchanged glances and Dream laughed. “You’re so cute when you talk about this.”

Then his thoughts halt as he realizes what he just said, and awkwardly Dream wishes he could take the words back, but George has apparently ignored them.

“It’s getting kind of late,” George says.

“Oh.” Dream looks outside and sees that the sun is close to setting, falling down towards the horizon. “I guess it is.”

“Yeah,” George says. Somewhat forlornly. Even though Dream has only known him for a few days, he still doesn’t want to leave.

“Wait,” Dream blurts, before George does, “Take this.”

He crosses the room to his plants, looks at the rosebush, which is sitting prettily in the afternoon sun, and finds a perfect, pink bloom to shear. Dream replants it, carefully tucking damp soil around it in one of his spare pots, and breathes a slow flourishing charm over it to ensure that it’ll continue to grow.

“Here,” Dream says, and pushes the rose into George’s hands. “You can practice taking care of a plant for me.”

George looks down at the rose in his hands, blinks a few times, and shuffles his feet against the carpet. His cheeks are slightly pink when he says, “Thanks. I’ll do my best.”

“Okay,” Dream breathes, “I’ll see you tomorrow, then.”

Before Dream can react, George leans in, kisses Dream’s cheek, precisely where Dream has a freckle right on his collarbone. Dream freezes for a moment, tries to remember how to breathe, and is certain that his face is bright pink.

“See you later,” George says quickly, face slightly flushed.

“Sure,” Dream says, and is certain that his voice is a little unsteady.

George gives him a small, flustered wave, and Dream closes the door behind him and buries his face in his hands, smiling so hard his cheeks hurt.

You’re crushing so hard, his familiar says nonchalantly, and twines around his feet knowingly.

“Am not,” Dream mutters, and still can’t stop himself from smiling like a child on Christmas morning. He can’t wait to see George again.

End Notes

please leave kudos or comments if you enjoyed, they really make my day!! <3

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